ALL IN GOOD HUMOUR.

A

DRAMATIC PIECE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ALL IN GOOD HUMOUR.

A

DRAMATIC PIECE,

IN ONE ACT,

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET,

ON SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1792.

BY

WALLEY C. OULTON.

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1792.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

GEORGE COLMAN, Eſq. Junior.

SIR,

YOUR ready acceptance of this little dramatic effort, (intended merely to create an *innocent* laugh for half an hour) and, above all, the particular attention which you were pleaſed to ſhow it, demand not only my private thanks, but *public* acknowledgements. The more *trifling* the object which receives attention, the *greater* undoubtedly the favour; therefore, believe me, Sir, I not only think, but really FEEL, the obligation *double*.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient and

Obliged Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

July 14th,
1792.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Chagrin, -	Mr. BADDELEY.
'Squire Hairbrain,	Mr. R. PALMER.
Bellamy, - -	Mr. WILLIAMSON.
Robin, - -	Mr. WEWITZER.
Crop, - -	Mr. FARLEY.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Chagrin, -	Mrs. POWELL.
Sophia, - -	Miſs HEARD.
Dorothy, - -	Miſs FONTENELLE.

A Porter, &c.

SCENE, *A* VILLAGE.

ALL IN GOOD HUMOUR.

SCENE I.

A Parlour at Mr. Chagrin's.

Enter Mr. Chagrin, Mrs. Chagrin, *and* Sophia.

Chagrin.

OUNS! you won't let me ſpeak—

Mrs. Chag. Mr. Chagrin, you won't liſten to me—

Chag. 'Sdeath, wife, what do you mean by flying into theſe paſſions? I won't bear it—damn me—I won't bear it. You want to impoſe upon the gentleneſs of my temper, and mar the happineſs of my dear child.—

Sophia. Happineſs!

Chag. Yes, Sophia—this very day you ſhall be married to the rich Squire Hairbrain, in ſpite of your tears and objections—then you'll be miſtreſs of a fine houſe, and have a huſband, child, who won't be at home with you—no, not ſix hours in the week. There's happineſs for you!

Mrs. Chag. Well, in my opinion———

Chag. Hold your tongue, Madam.

Mrs. Chag. Oh! I'm not ſaying a word one way or other; but I think Mr. Bellamy, notwithſtanding his poverty, would make a much better huſband.—Sophia can't love the Squire—I'll ſay no more—How can you be ſuch a brute, then——

Chag.

Chag. Brute!—brute! you old impudent huſſey, ar'n't you aſham'd of calling names?—Bellamy!—What is this Mr. Bellamy?—A writer, forſooth, a ſcribbler of plays and farces—Ouns! did you ever hear of an author's being rich?

Sophia. Mr. Bellamy's merit is ſo great, I have not the leaſt doubt but in time he would riſe.

Chag. Riſe! O yes— from a ſecond floor to a garret, I dare ſay.

Mrs. Chag. Well, but Mr. Chagrin——

Chag. Fire and faggots! you are always in a paſſion when I propoſe any thing. Sophy, my good girl, make haſte to pack up your things, and ſend them to the Squire's houſe.—From this moment you ſhall be ſubſervient to his will, and obey all his commands. To-day is fix'd for the wedding, and I wou'd not upon any account there ſhould be a diſappointment.

Sophia. Dear papa, why ſo exact to a moment? Conſider the laſt day that was appointed for this marriage—the Squire himſelf made a frivolous apology, becauſe one of his favourite dogs was loſt.

Chag. So he did—Ha! ha! ha! that's his way—All in good humour.

Mrs. Chag. He a lover!—why he has not paid her more than three viſits, though the acquaintance commenc'd ſix weeks ago.—I am not ſaying a word.

Chag. Well, is not this humour all for the better? If he is ſo very indifferent now—why gads curſe he'll be ten times more ſo after marriage—of courſe, child, he'll never be jealous—he'll never kill you with kindneſs.—Oh, Sophy, your happineſs will be ineffable.

Sophia. Heigho!—I am ready, Sir, to obey your orders; and notwithſtanding my late partiality for Mr. Bellamy, look upon Squire Hairbrain as my deſtined huſband.

Chag. That's a good girl—a good girl—but don't

ſay I force your inclinations, as your talkative mother did.

Mrs. Chag. Talkative!

Chag. Damn it—will you hold your tongue?—Well, child?

Sophia. I flatter myſelf, Sir, as I am now ready to obey, you will be kind enough to indulge me in an humble wiſh.

Chag. Oh! my dear, dear Sophy, I'll grant you any requeſt—any requeſt at all—ſo it does not encroach upon my reſolutions.

Sophia. Then give me leave, Sir, to apprize the Squire of the ſeveral preſents I have received from Mr. Bellamy, with your permiſſion, in the days of his affluence, particularly the laſt token of affection—that admirable painting of Cupid, which he preſented as an emblem of his love.

Chag. Oh yes!—you may put them all into the trunk with your clothes, little Cupid, and all.—And now, Sophia, you muſt lay aſide your ſheepiſhneſs and modeſty—you muſt be more free and affable—indeed, child, you are addicted to too much taciturnity of late.

Mrs. Chag. It becomes young ladies to be ſilent, Mr. Chagrin.

Chag. Aye, and old women, too, Mrs. Chagrin.

Mrs. Chag. Lord! I was not ſaying a word—not I—Oh, here comes Mr. Crop, the Squire's groom.—Now, pray, Mr. Chagrin, let me ſpeak to him, and do you leave the room——

Chag. Leave the room!—no, Madam, I'll ſtay where I am, and ſpeak to him myſelf.

Enter Crop.

So, Mr. Crop.

Crop. Your ſervant, Sir.—My maſter is juſt return'd from hunting, and expects his bride home to-

day. It muſt be to-day, he ſays, as the weather is ſo bad he can have no ſport abroad, and he wiſhes to attend the races to-morrow.

Chag. Ha! ha! ha! free and eaſy—that's his way Oh! you'll be a happy woman, Sophy.—Pray, Mr. Crop, be ſo kind as to attend my daughter—You muſt deliver a letter for her to the Squire, and take charge of a trunk—Sophy, you may give the key of it to Mr. Crop, for he is an honeſt fellow, as you wiſh his maſter to ſee the contents of it before the wedding.

Sophia. Heigho!

Mrs. Chag. The weather ſo bad, he can have no ſport abroad! Well, I think it the moſt impudent meſſage I ever heard in all my life.

Chag. Ouns, woman!—Hold your tongue—won't you let me ſpeak a word—muſt you have all the diſcourſe to yourſelf?—'Sdeath, you'll ſcarcely permit me to utter a ſyllable.

Mrs. Chag. Sure!——

Chag. See, now! let me ſpeak, I ſay—Fire and faggots! I never heard ſuch a noiſy woman in all my life!—Why juſt now you wanted me to leave the room, that your clapper might run on, click, clack, without any interruption.

Mrs. Chag. No, indeed——

Chag. Hold your tongue—Bid me leave the room!—Go along, I ſay—go about your buſineſs, and help the girl to pack up her things.——Come, Mr. Crop.—Ouns, you are the moſt unmannerly, moſt rude———Damn me, go along, go along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Parlour in 'Squire Hairbrain's *Houſe.*

Enter Dorothy, *with a Child in her Arms, and* Robin.

Robin. You can't ſtay here, upon my honour.—I expect my young miſtreſs home every minute.—You muſt go about your buſineſs.

Dor. No; I wool ſtay and ſee the intended bride, that's what I wool.—I thinks it my duty, Robin, to let her know what a rogue the 'Squire is, and ſhew her his child, whom he won't ſee nor provide for.—Where is he? what's come of him?

Robin. Very buſy—particularly engaged—feeding his dogs.

Dor. Feeding his dogs!—What a brute!—He had better feed his own child, or give a ſmall maintenance for the woman he has ruinated.

Robin. Huſh, Dorothy, huſh!—The wedding is to be to-day.—I am promis'd new clothes on the occaſion, and a preſent.—Now, do you ſee, Dolly, if you ſhou'd put a ſtop to the marriage by any raſh clamour or imprudent behaviour—Heigho!—there will be an end to all my hop'd-for perquiſites.

Dor. I don't care for that—I wool ſee the bride—I am bent on it.—Ah! notwithſtanding his riches, take my word, 'Squire will turn out a poor deſpicable wretch.

Robin. Egad, Dolly, that may be verified this minute, for he may take it in his head to turn out you.

Dor. Let'n, let'n, if he dare.

Robin. [*Aſide.*] 'Sdeath, how ſhall I get her away.

Egad, I muſt promiſe like great folks, and forget it. — Hark ye, Dolly, if you'll make no noiſe till the wedding be over, I'll—I'll ſhare my perquiſites with you.

Dor. Eh!———

Robin. You ſhall go halves in what I get.

Dor. Well, Robin, I'll think upon it.

Robin. That's a good woman, Dolly. — 'Sdeath, here's ſomebody coming—Step aſide, my dear Dolly; you muſt not be ſeen. [Dolly *retires.*

Enter Crop, *and a Porter with a Trunk.*

Crop. There, lay it down — a heavy load.— Here, Robin, give this letter to maſter, and tell him Miſs Sophia's trunk is here—while I give this poor fellow ſomething to drink — *(Gives* Robin *a letter.)*—[*Exit* Robin.]——Stay, I had better leave the key in the trunk, for fear my maſter may wiſh to ſatisfy his curioſity—*(Puts the key in it.)*—There, now it will do. — Now, my good fellow, come along with me into the kitchen, and I'll give you a horn of ale and a bit of cold chine; 'twill do you good, my boy, this cold morning, after your journey. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Dorothy.

Dor. Miſs Sophia's trunk! — I don't care — Fleſh nor blood can't bear it.—— No matter for Robin's coaxing, I wool let this poor woman know what a falſe-hearted rogue of a huſband ſhe is about taking —ſhe'll certainly be here by and by—ſo as child is faſt aſleep, and key left in trunk, ecod I'll put'n in it—as ſoon as Miſs ſees it, there'll be a fine rumpus I warrant me.— In caſe the poor baby ſhould light on miſhap, I'll be within earſhot howſomdever.

(Puts the child in the trunk and ex.

Enter

Enter 'Squire Hairbrain *with a letter in his hand*; Robin *following*.

'Squire. (Singing.) "Hark away! hark away! all "nature looks gay," &c.—Oh! for to-morrow!—Five thouſand upon Neck or Nothing--Five thouſand!—Damme! I ſhall ſurely win.——*(Sings.)* "Hark "away? hark away!"——Cæſar is a fine dog—a fine dog indeed—I wiſh I had his picture drawn.

Robin. Sir, you have not read the letter from your miſtreſs yet—Miſs Sophia.

'Squire. That's true—Egad I forgot it—I'm longing to hear what ſhe ſays.—Hem!——Oh! Robin, take care that I am up early in the morning—I have promis'd my friends to be with them before light.

Robin. But you know, Sir, you are to be married to-night, Sir.

'Squire. Poo—no matter for that—there will be great ſport to-morrow—Five thouſand upon Neck or Nothing!——Oh! let me ſee—what is this letter about.—*(Sings.)* "Hark away! hark away! all na-"ture loo"——*(Reading.)* Um—um—um—"But "previous to any engagement, I think proper to "ſay, that, with the approbation of my father, I "have had repeated viſits from Mr. Bellamy."—Mr. Bellamy!———

Robin. Sir, is not that the gentleman you expect will call by and bye.

'Squire. I dare ſay it is—He inquir'd laſt week at our club if I had any commands to London, and promis'd to tranſact ſome buſineſs for me there.—Pray has the oſtler rubb'd down the mare yet?

Robin. Yes, Sir—but you have forgot to finiſh the letter.

'Squire. Egad, that's true.——Robin, be ſure I am call'd up early in the morning.—Where was I?—*(Reads.)*

(Reads.) " Repeated viſits from Mr. Bellamy, which " from an honeſt partiality on my ſide were then " encouraged, though now prudently declin'd. — I " take the liberty alſo of adding, that in the trunk, " wherein I have put my clothes, you will find what " ſome time ago I have receiv'd from Mr. Bellamy " as a token of affection, when I thought it no crime " to love that amiable young man. This, Sir, with " candour and ſincerity, I impart before I am your " Sophia."———Aye, aye, ſhe's mine—So ho, ſo ho — yoax, yoax — Puſs is ſtarted — ſhe's taken ! — Huzza !

Robin. Sir, I wiſh you joy of your ſucceſs.

'Squire. Come, Robin, let us ſee what ſhe has receiv'd from this Bellamy as a token of affection.

(Robin *opens the trunk.*

'Squire. Zounds ! what's here ?——A child !

Robin. (Takes out the child.) Why, to be ſure, the greateſt token of affection that can be. *(Child cries.*

'Squire. I am thunderſtruck ! — Is this a proof of her modeſty and honour ? — *(Child cries.)* — Damn me, theſe are pretty doings. — *(Child cries. —'Squire ſtopping his ears.)* — Take that thing away — take it away, Robin — give it to the houſemaid.— (Robin *carries off the child.)* — What a miſerable wretch I ſhould be if that child was mine.—*(Child cries without.)*—There, there !—Oh ! what diſcord when compared to the harmony of the hounds. — *(Re-enter* Robin.)—Token of affection—Damn the fellow, and his token too—Who is he ?—What is he, I wonder ?

Robin. Why, Sir, I think they call him an author, Sir, well known for his abilities.

'Squire. Damn his abilities ! — He is the author of miſchief—I won't ſee him when he calls—yet—yes, I will ; I'm reſolv'd to hear what he ſays — But I muſt contrive ſome means to be off this match —— Egad I ſhould be aſham'd to ſhew my face at the hunt—

my

my brother ſportſmen would laugh deviliſhly at me —Ha! ha! ha!—Damnation!

(Knocking at the door.

Robin. Sir, here is Mr. Bellamy — Pray be pacified—I'll ſhew him up. [*Exit.*

'Squire. Well, I don't know what ails me; but this affair makes me feel very fooliſh. — Egad, I ſhou'd cut a pretty figure to be call'd father during the honeymoon.

Enter Bellamy, *preceded by* Robin.

Bel. (Bowing.) Mr. Hairbrain, I kiſs your hands.

Squire. (Aſide.) Hem! — Condeſcending enough after kiſſing my miſtreſs.

Bel. Are your letters ready, Sir?—I go to London this evening.

'Squire. Sir, I—I don't think I ſhall have any occaſion to trouble you now; but I am equally obliged to you for all your favours.

Bel. Sir, any ſervice I can render, you are exceedingly welcome to.—I muſt be in town to-night, as a new play of mine is ſhortly to make its appearance.

'Squire. Egad, your works do make an appearance.

Bel. I confeſs I have produced a few things with tolerable ſucceſs—my little offspring are in a thriving condition.

'Squire. The devil they are.—Pray, Sir, have you many?

Bel. Yes, indeed, Sir; and one thing I can boaſt of, I am never guilty of plagiary, for I wou'dn't be the father of a child that was not mine.

'Squire. (Aſide.) Damme! that's a broad hint; but I'll have at him.——You know Mr. Chagrin's daughter, I preſume, Sir?

Bel. Yes, Sir, I do; or rather, Sir, I did, for I am now determined to forget her.

'Squire.

'Squire. Pray, Sir, how long were you acquainted with that young lady?

Bel. Sir, ſhe was in London about twelve months ago—it was on my account that ſhe was ſuddenly forc'd to go into the country.

'Squire. On your account!—

Bel. Yes, Sir—her inexorable father obliged her to this retirement.

'Squire. For a very good reaſon; faith, retirement was neceſſary.

Bel. However, Sir, I ſhall endeavour to content myſelf with this idea, that my once belov'd will have a richer huſband, and I hope, Sir, a worthier, as the young lady, I underſtand, is to be your wife.

'Squire. "Hark away!—Hark away!" *(Singing)*

Bel. I ſhall ſet out immediately for London to prepare my play for the Public.

'Squire. To prepare your play?

Bel. Yes, Sir; I now intend to put my bantling upon its legs.

'Squire. Pray, Sir, how old may this bantling be?

Bel. Why, Sir, I deſign'd it about twelve months ago.

'Squire I thought ſo.

Bel. The plot was ſoon ſettled.

'Squire. So it ſeems, faith.

Bel. And the laſt act was concluded about a dozen weeks ſince.

'Squire. Damn'd impudent fellow—[*Aſide*]

Bel. The ſcene I fix'd in London—for London is ſuch a gay place——

'Squire. Yes, yes, there's fine ſport there—fine intrigues.

Bel. So there are—and that's the reaſon for my preferring it, as I am very happy in my love ſcenes.

'Squire. Well, Sir, as your love ſcenes are ſo damn'd clever, it would be a thouſand pities ever to baulk them.

Bel.

Bel. Sir, you are very polite.—I'm exceedingly fond of the tuneful ſiſters.

'Squire. Tuneful ſiſters; ſome of his girls who ſing very well, I ſuppoſe.—[*Aſide.*]

Bel. With them I paſs away my time and entertain myſelf.

'Squire. Upon my ſoul it's very entertaining; But pray, Sir, are not you indebted to Sophia for ſome of your bantlings, as you call them.

Bel. Why, faith, Sir, I owe ſeveral to her aſſiſtance.

'Squire. Several!—Oh dear!

Bel. I wiſh'd much to conſult with her about another, which I have partly in my head.

'Squire. Zounds, Sir, I'll hear no more—Pray go on, if you pleaſe, Sir—I beg pardon—I'm all attention.

Bel. Perhaps, Sir, you look upon me ſtill as a rival.

'Squire. No, no—not at all.—*(Sings.)*—"All na-
"ture looks gay——"

Bel. Sir, be aſſur'd I ſhall conquer my ill-fated love, though, at the ſame time, I acknowledge how much I admire the young lady's modeſty and good nature.

'Squire. Modeſty!—Good nature!—the latter is indiſputable indeed.

Bel. I have endeavour'd, Sir, to paint her character in my new play.

'Squire. And pray is there a little one in it?

Bel. A little one!—Really, Sir, all characters can't be equally good—Our beſt poets will introduce little ones to increaſe their work—but I ſee the young lady coming.—Excuſe me, Sir—the ſight of my dear Sophia, (eſpecially here) would only remind me of former times—I'll ſtep into the next room till ſhe departs. [*Exit.*

'Squire. Very pretty—very pretty indeed!—Marry

Sophia! Not I—when I do, may I break my neck at a hunt, or——

Enter Robin.

Robin. Miſs Sophia, Sir.

'Squire. Ouns, Robin, ſtay—I'll ſeize an opportunity, before Mr. Chagrin comes, to be off of this marriage without the old gentleman's knowledge.—I'll make theſe young lovers elope, and pretend to be damn'd angry at it afterwards—therefore don't mind my rage—it will be all in good humour, and if I command a purſuit, be ſure to evade it and diſobey.

Robin. Never fear, Sir—I'll diſobey you in every thing.

'Squire. That's a good fellow.

Robin. There's nothing you command that I'll do.

'Squire Right, right, and tell Crop the ſame.

Robin. But Miſs Sophia——

Squire. Oh! I forgot—admit her.—[*Exit* Robin]—Now for a ſight of this young lady—Well, I wonder how ſhe can look me in the face.

Enter Sophia, *preceded by* Robin.

Sophia. Heigho!—how my heart beats!—'Squire, you receiv'd a letter, I preſume!

'Squire. Oh!—Yes, I receiv'd your letter, my dear.

Sophia. You will excuſe my writing, I hope—but really I am ſo diffident and timid, I knew I ſhould be unable to ſpeak to you on this ſubject.

'Squire. Oh! Miſs, I know you are very modeſt.

Sophia. Having eſteem'd Mr. Bellamy, and being oblig'd to marry you, I thought it my duty to reveal that paſſion, and what I have receiv'd from the young gentleman.

'Squire. Aye, the token of affection, my dear.

Sophia. Yes, Sir.

'Squire. Pray, my dear, is it a-a-a boy?

Sophia. Did not you obſerve, Sir?—it was a ſweet little Cupid.

'Squire. A ſweet little Cupid!—Very baſhful indeed. [*Aſide.*

Sophia. He alludes to the picture, I find—[*Aſide*] I have made this declaration, Sir, to prevent any jealouſy which might occur hereafter—perhaps you may think I was too nice and punctilious, for writing on ſo frivolous an occaſion; but, as I ſaid before, I thought it my duty, though the cauſe was a little one.

'Squire. Though the cauſe was a little one.—Now, my dear, you know your father has ordered you to obey me.

Sophia. Heigho!—I know it.

'Squire. Then I command you to marry Mr. Bellamy this minute—nay, never ſtare—I inſiſt upon your compliance.—Mr. Bellamy.—*(Calling.)*

Enter Bellamy.

Here take your Sophia, loſe no time; make haſte before Mr. Chagrin comes.

Bel. Is it poſſible? Are you indeed ſerious?

'Squire. Aye, aye, away with you, and don't appear till the buſineſs is over—I ſhall be very angry—but——

Bel. Dear Sir, this is ſo unexpected.

'Squire. I know it is—but no matter—make haſte—begone—here's ſomebody coming.—*(Puſhes* Sophia *and* Bellamy *out.)*—There now, my mind is eaſy—Egad I was upon a wrong ſcent before.

Dor. (Without.) But I muſt and wool come in.

'Squire. Hey dey!

Enter

Enter Dorothy.

Dor. So I ſuppoſe by this time ſhe has ſeen it—*(Goes to the trunk and miſſes the child)*—Where's my poor babe that I left in Miſs's trunk?

'Squire. What! your's, Dorothy?

Dor. Aye, I wanted your new Leady to ſee it.

'Squire Death and hell! I have been deceiv'd—Dear Dolly go about your buſineſs. Your child's below ſtairs—there's money for you.—Go—go.

Dor. Well, 'Squire, I be a going. You give me this to get ſhut of me.—Ah! 'Squire! 'Squire! if half the gold, great folks beſtow on poor girls, they have brought to ſhame, was given out of compaſſionating, and not to ſuit their own convenience, I'll be bold to ſay their conſciences would not fare the worſe for it. [*Exit.*

'Squire. Pſhaw! what's all this to Sophia! ſtole away! ſhe's loſt! but perhaps I can recover her.—Robin! Robin!

Enter Robin.

Seize her, my boy—Seize her—Stole away—make haſte—Seize her—my beauty—ſtole away.

Robin. Yes, Sir, I'll find your beauty.—He's always raving about his Cæſar, and damme, its the uglieſt beauty in all the world.—[*Aſide.*] *Exit.*

'Squire. I hope he may ſucceed in the chace.

Enter Mr. *and* Mrs. Chagrin.

Chag. Ha! my dear ſon-in-law—ſhake hands.

'Squire. Stole away!—I have loſt her—Bellamy has got her.

Chag. How!—my daughter ſtole?

Mrs. Chag.

Mrs. Chag. Lord, I'm very glad of it.—I'm not ſaying a word, huſband.

Chag. Zounds, Madam, this is your doing.

Mrs. Chag. Lord, huſband!——

Chag. Hold your tongue, I ſay, and don't be flying into ſuch a damn'd paſſion. *(ſtamping)*

Squire. Stole away!—Death and hell!

Enter Robin.

Robin. Not ſtole away—your beauty is ſafe.

'Squire. Indeed!—Where? where?

Robin. In the cellar, Sir—it had a large bone in its mouth, and ſnarl'd like the very devil.

'Squire. Snarl'd!—What—Sophia—my miſtreſs?

Chag. My daughter in the cellar, with a large bone in her mouth!

Robin. Miſtreſs! Daughter!—Lord, no—but—Cæſar, the great dog—your little beauty, Sir.

'Squire. 'Sdeath and hell; I meant Sophia—ſtole away—Death and hell!

Robin. Oh aye—I underſtand—my maſter's pretending to be in a paſſion now.—[*Aſide.*]

'Squire. Run, run!—Take the brown mare out of the ſtable, and purſue them—quick—

Robin. [*Aſide.*] Now this is the time I'm to diſobey him.

Squire. Run, run.

Robin. Hem!—here I ſhall ſit. *(Seats himſelf on the trunk.)*

Chag. Ouns! why don't you obey your maſter?

Robin. So I do, Sir, ſo I do.

'Squire. Damnation! make haſte.

Robin. Well—hang me if I know whether you are in earneſt or not.

'Squire. I am in earneſt—Zounds!—I am—fly—purſue them.

Robin. Admirably acted upon my ſoul! Bravo!

'Squire.

'Squire. Hell and fire!

Robin. Ha! ha! ha!

Chag. What, do you laugh at our misfortunes?—By heavens, I have a mind to kick you.

(Kicking him.

Robin. Dear Sir, I was only laughing at my maſter.

'Squire. Laughing at me! then I'll puniſh you as I would my dog, ſirrah—pull your ears.

(Pulling his ears.

Robin. Bah! I was not laughing at all, Sir.—— Damn it, if this is done in good humour, it does not ſuit my humour at all. *(Aſide.*

Enter Bellamy *and* Sophia.

Bel. Mr. Chagrin, permit me to introduce Mrs. Bellamy to you. At the ſame time to thank the 'Squire for ———

'Squire. Huſh! huſh!—Come, Mr. Chagrin, you muſt forgive them.

Mrs. Chag. Aye, do now, huſband.

Chag. Pray, wife, hold your tongue.—— What, 'Squire, are you ſatisfied?—then I muſt be of courſe.

Bel. Then my happineſs is complete—and I truſt, Mr. Chagrin, that, in conſenting to an union where hearts are already join'd, you will have better conſulted your child's welfare than in binding her in the rigid chains of intereſted matrimony.——I think, too, the adventures of this half hour will furniſh me with ample materials for a one-act piece, which, if ever repreſented on the ſtage, I hope to find the Boxes, Pit, and Galleries

4 AP 54

ALL IN GOOD HUMOUR.

THE END.

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